

The Same Old Story.

She sits within an easy chair,
An open letter spread before her,
So bright and dainty, round and fair,
No wonder all the lads adore her.
Beside her smoothly rounded cheek
The roses lose their tinted glory,
And, gazing in his eyes so sweet,
The poet tells her sweetest story.

And as she reads her lovely mouth
Pouts in a manner so beguiling,
You'd think her prettier, perhaps,
Than when her face is glad and smiling,
"Such impudence!" she says; "indeed,
This man requires severer schooling,
Expecting thus to have his way,
My better judgment overruling."

"To steal a kiss, and then declare
He only longs to steal another;
Who would have thought he'd be so bold?
I'm half inclined to tell his mother,
But if I will forgive, he says,
He will at once make reparation,
And gladly what he took in haste
Return with more deliberation."

"It was my beauty tempted him,"
Ah, that's the way they always flatter,
And think a few beguiling words
Will rectify the gravest matter.
He'll find I'm not a silly girl,
To be cajoled—but here she pauses,
And soon her quickly changing mood
The soft relenting look insoars.

And then (the little fraud!) she throws
Her glances upward, gently sighing,
And with a pretty saintliness,
Her dimples mousting coyly,
She lays her hands upon her breast,
And says demurely and benignly:
"To err is human—to forgive?
Ah, then it is we act divinely."

"Moral did you ask me
Before my story here is ended?
This: 'Tis so easy to forgive
When we are only half offended."
—C. H. Thayer.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRIT HAITE.

What the colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted; who could do more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerably at cards and horse races. In fact the keeper of that one of the Challenge hill saloons which the colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder absent-mindedly whether the colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere, where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for \$50 gold pieces).

When so important a person as a bartender indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so, for a few days, certain industrious professional gentlemen who won money of the colonel carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and retired them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the colonel and a loss of considerable custom by the indiscreet barkeeper.

The colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge hill, but being mortal the colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furiously away.

Biding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilaration in the world. When a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to a friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is but natural that people should express some wonder.

The colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Come Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and asked if the colonel had passed.

Had the gallant colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the colonel possessed hatred.

On galloped the colonel, following the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes, which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of her stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the colonel, ruefully; "lost every blasted race. 'Twasn't her fault—bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' for yer to turn up with the rocks an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way and Tipsie and the colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly at the colonel.

"Mack'll tell yer how 'twas, fellers," said the colonel, meekly, "while I pocket the mare."

The colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four was attired in pistol and knife, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty rock.

"Taint so late as all that, is it?" inquired the colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than a miss in this here night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty since we came around the horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitterns in the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins!"

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perk," said one of the crowd, as he adjusted his domino under the rim of his hat. "Posin' there should be too many for you."

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the colonel. "Nobody ever gets along if them 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' might 'bout that. I disremember dzaactly how it goes, but I've hern Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Slim Mike's stage and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons was a perfect blessing to me—the thorts of 'em cleaned my head as quick as a cocktail. An'—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the colonel; "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' out by ez it's Old Mike, and ez it's Old Black allers makes his time, hadn't we better vamose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed and the men fled through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home, now," said he. "Taint no use bein' a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em, Logroller tend to the driver, Cranks take the boot, and Mack and Perk takes right and left. An' I know it's tough—but considerin' how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, if there's any aboard—eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire his black domino with a wrinkle or two.

"What's the use of women's rights of they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em! Hevin' their purses borrowed 'ld show 'em the full doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come, boys," interrupted the colonel, "that's the crack of old Black's whip; pick yer bush—quick! All jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and

Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader when the colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yer?" asked he of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put yer hands behind yer, please—so—that's it." And the unfortunate man's arms were securely tied behind in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for whoever heard of a stage driver having money?

"Boys," said the colonel, calling his brother agents aside and comparing receipts, "taint much of a haul; but there's only one woman, and she's old enough to be a fellow's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of the gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothin' to some folks that got horses that can win money at races, but—"

The colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Crank's sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deservin' object. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the hull amount, but ez they ain't got enough, we will have to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocketbook and raised her veil. The colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin."

And the colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to attend to the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station while the horses were being changed, then cracked his whip and the stage rolled off, while the colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the colonel in a clean white shirt and in a suit of clothes made from the limited spare wardrobes of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as laying on the table a heavy purse he exclaimed:

"Come, colonel, business before pleasure, let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should hear about it, an' ketch the traps in our possession, they might—"

"Divide yourselves," said the colonel, with a white abruptness and a great oath, "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets."

"It haint nothin'," replied the colonel with averted eyes. "I'm goin' and I'm retirin' from business forever."

"Ain't goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm going to make a lead mine of you if you don't take that back!" roared the colonel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody bizzzy. Somebody lend me \$50 till I see him agin."

Perkins pressed the money into the colonel's hand, and within two minutes the colonel was on Tipsie's back and

galloped off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the colonel well and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did; and they made an exception to the rule when the colonel canvassed the principal barrooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only \$1,000, when the colonel had always said there wasn't gold enough on top of ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the colonel made a tour of the stores and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the colonel stood in the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge hill constable was seen to approach the colonel and tap him on the shoulder, upon which all men who bet that the colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out of Challenge hill it come to me that you might be in the road agent business, so I followed you—duty, you know. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the country was robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impetuosity. The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

"George!"

And the colonel jumped in the stage and putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed:

"Mother!"

California's Big Trees.

We hitched a couple of farm horses to a spring wagon, filled it with provisions, tents and blankets, and struck out for the mountains, traveling from fifteen to twenty miles per day. The first place we reached of importance was the big trees of Calaveras county. I must admit that they staggered my imagination, and exceeded anything in the vegetable growth that I had ever before seen. In the stump of one of these trees a ball-room thirty-three feet across is built, and it requires a ladder of eighteen steps to ascend to the top of the log, on which was built a ten-pin alley. It has been burnt up but the body of the old, charred monarch of the forest still remains. Think of it—a hollow log, through which on can ride on horseback one hundred feet and come out through a knot-hole! There are some ninety of these big trees, measuring from fifty to one hundred feet in circumference, and reaching up to the skies—from 300 to 450 feet. They are the remnant of a past flora that one time was more common, but are now confined to some dozen groves scattered from here to King's river—grand old trees, that have withstood the storms of thousands of winters, and were saplings when Moses was a little boy, found in the bulrushes of the Nile.

What a history could they tell! What a monument of growth! Enough to shame the vanity of proud Cheops, the builder of the Pyramids. They have grown and lifted their heads higher and higher, while the proud kings and empires of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome have passed away. They lived and flourished when Christ preached utterances to the Jews, and were full-grown trees when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors ran wild in the woods and painted their faces like the Indians. From the rings that denote the annual growth of these trees science has estimated some of them to be four thousand years old, while they stand over the fallen bodies of a much older growth, covered over with earth and large growing trees, as it is one of the peculiarities of this timber not to decay. It appears to be a species of redwood.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

It is an error to consider the Patagonians a race of giants; the average height is five feet ten.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Fatal Heel.

There is, possibly, nothing sadder in the annals of our city than the death this week of the young bride who, before her honeymoon had waned, fell down a flight of stairs and received such injuries that she died. The cause was a very simple one, viz., the use of the high and sharp heels that are worn by most ladies all over America. It is only a wonder that any young lady descends the stairs safely with them, and while the sad event calls for the strongest sympathy, it leaves a lesson behind which young ladies will do well to heed.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and the full-blown rose leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flowers of the albe, which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of transitory freshness of youth.

News and Notes for Women.

Poppea, wife of Nero, used a mask to protect her complexion from the sun.

The chair of Greek language and literature in the University of Kansas has been filled for three years by Miss Kate Stephens.

It has been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman.

A cape lately sold to a New York lady was made of humming birds' breasts. Each bird from whom the spot of emerald gold was taken was valued at five dollars.

In San Francisco a handsome Italian woman of eighty, with silver hair, is a professional beggar, notwithstanding that she owns three houses, for which she receives \$180 a month.

Helen Hunt (Mrs. Jackson) left New England a pale, delicate invalid, and now in her Colorado home she weighs 200 pounds. She is engaged on her work concerning the Indians.

The *British Medical Journal* publishes some hospital reports by "Miss Clarke, M. D." These are the first papers of the kind ever printed in an English medical newspaper of prominence.

The mother of the Sultan Abdul Aziz has addressed a letter to the Sultan Abdul Hamid thanking him for having forgiven her son and purified his name and dynasty from the stain of suicide.

"Mrs. Hicks Lord, from America," says an English society journal, "was taken up by the best people in London, and is said to adorn herself with chains of diamonds from shoulder to shoulder."

The Empress Augusta, of Germany, is a woman of great courage and patience. For many years she has suffered tortures of intense pain from a wearing disease, and has borne it with a remarkable energy, firmness and quietness.

A horse-car conductor, who had waited five minutes at a crossing for a lady, impatiently remarked: "I am of the opinion that when Gabriel blows his last trump that those too late to get seats will all be women."

Royalty shared so active a part, a young gentleman took a fancy to a certain article and remarked to a lady at the stall that it was very pretty. She assented, adding: "My mother sent it." "Really," softly resumed the customer. "Why, let me see; I almost think I must have met your mother. Her name is—?" "The Queen," replied the "saleslady."

Fashion Notes.

Striped grenadines are the most stylish.

Finger rings are not worn in the street.

Black silk mitts are the favorite gloves.

Lace and muslin fichus grow larger and larger.

Handsome parasols are edged with Spanish lace.

Very little jewelry should be worn with summer toilets.

Both high and low coiffures are worn, but low ones are preferred.

It is the height of fashion to hang a piece of old faded tapestry on the wall. Fantastic figures are embroidered in

bright colors on artistic and fancy lawn tennis costumes.

Puffs of mull and tulle illusion in the neck bid fair to take the place of plaitings and ruches.

Cretanose fans in Trianon designs match parasols and suits of printed satteen, cambric and foulard.

Harper's *Bazar* tells of dresses that have flounces composed of silk oak leaves overlapping each other.

Red corrajes, red hats and red fans and parasols are adopted by many women of gay tastes at watering places.

The fashionable artificial flowers are jonquills, roses, peonies, oxeye daisies, white lilacs and sunflowers of various sizes.

The muslin skirt composed of two plaitings, falling one over the other, is as old as the hills or thereabouts; say about fifteen years old.

Mulle and batiste dresses in pale tints of color, trimmed with imitation Valenciennes and Flemish point and Vermeccelli laces, make lovely afternoon and evening watering-place toilets.

Black sarah gowns made up with two plaited flounces, a simple apron drape, a perfectly plain basque, and Spanish lace trimming at the throat and wrists, are among the cheapest of summer dresses.

Bunches of roses as large as a fall cabbage are fastened above and in front of the hip and below the breast of the most fashionable women at Saratoga and Long Branch whenever they are costumed for a carriage drive.

Artistic parasols have sprays of egg-lantine, daisies, golden rod, straggling insects, and sometimes birds painted as if falling or flying, an natural, over the gores on the outside, sometimes encroaching on the lace border or fringe, while the linings show shaded effects in full, delicate tints of blue, green, rose, cream, pearl and pure white.

How McPherson Died.

Generals McPherson and Logan, who had been to General Sherman's headquarters (before Atlanta), rode up to the rear of the Seventeenth Corps and dismounted in a clump of trees in front of an open stretch, which had probably been a field at one time. This was about 10 o'clock. Shortly after they had dismounted picket firing began on the left and apparently to the rear of the main line. After listening to it for a few minutes McPherson said he would go out in that direction and see what it meant. Calling to Captain Kilburn Knox of his staff to follow, he mounted "Blackie," his favorite horse, and galloped down the lane or narrow road, running in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, at an angle of forty-five degrees from the main line, toward the point where the firing was heard. General Dodge, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, had been ordered to the left with instructions to form at right angle with General Blair's line, but he had not had time to get into position, consequently the firing could not be on his skirmish line, which led to the conclusion that something unusual was going on. Hood's tactics being well known to McPherson, he was on the lookout for dashes, hence his anxiety. It was not more than fifteen minutes after McPherson and Knox, accompanied by their orderlies, had dashed down the lane until "Blackie," the general's horse, came galloping back with a wound in the shoulder, from which the blood was pouring in a perfect stream. The cry was instantly raised that "The general has been shot." Close following the horse came Captain Knox and the two orderlies. Knox dashed up and in an excited manner exclaimed, "He is dead. Get an ambulance, quick." General William E. Strong, now of Chicago, and Captain D. H. Buell, ordinance officer, started at once with the headquarters ambulance down the lane, followed by several of the mounted men. Buell rode ahead and skirmished with the Confederate pickets, keeping them back until General Strong got the body into the ambulance. They drove back with all speed to where General Logan and the other officers were. Dr. Hewitt hastily opened his coat and discovered that the bullet had passed directly through his heart, killing him instantly. The body was taken at once to General Sherman's headquarters, from where it was sent, in charge of General McPherson's personal staff, to Marietta, where it was embalmed and sent, with the same escort, to the home of his aged mother at Clyde, Ohio.

Generals McPherson and Logan, who had been to General Sherman's headquarters (before Atlanta), rode up to the rear of the Seventeenth Corps and dismounted in a clump of trees in front of an open stretch, which had probably been a field at one time. This was about 10 o'clock. Shortly after they had dismounted picket firing began on the left and apparently to the rear of the main line. After listening to it for a few minutes McPherson said he would go out in that direction and see what it meant. Calling to Captain Kilburn Knox of his staff to follow, he mounted "Blackie," his favorite horse, and galloped down the lane or narrow road, running in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, at an angle of forty-five degrees from the main line, toward the point where the firing was heard. General Dodge, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, had been ordered to the left with instructions to form at right angle with General Blair's line, but he had not had time to get into position, consequently the firing could not be on his skirmish line, which led to the conclusion that something unusual was going on. Hood's tactics being well known to McPherson, he was on the lookout for dashes, hence his anxiety. It was not more than fifteen minutes after McPherson and Knox, accompanied by their orderlies, had dashed down the lane until "Blackie," the general's horse, came galloping back with a wound in the shoulder, from which the blood was pouring in a perfect stream. The cry was instantly raised that "The general has been shot." Close following the horse came Captain Knox and the two orderlies. Knox dashed up and in an excited manner exclaimed, "He is dead. Get an ambulance, quick." General William E. Strong, now of Chicago, and Captain D. H. Buell, ordinance officer, started at once with the headquarters ambulance down the lane, followed by several of the mounted men. Buell rode ahead and skirmished with the Confederate pickets, keeping them back until General Strong got the body into the ambulance. They drove back with all speed to where General Logan and the other officers were. Dr. Hewitt hastily opened his coat and discovered that the bullet had passed directly through his heart, killing him instantly. The body was taken at once to General Sherman's headquarters, from where it was sent, in charge of General McPherson's personal staff, to Marietta, where it was embalmed and sent, with the same escort, to the home of his aged mother at Clyde, Ohio.

Generals McPherson and Logan, who had been to General Sherman's headquarters (before Atlanta), rode up to the rear of the Seventeenth Corps and dismounted in a clump of trees in front of an open stretch, which had probably been a field at one time. This was about 10 o'clock. Shortly after they had dismounted picket firing began on the left and apparently to the rear of the main line. After listening to it for a few minutes McPherson said he would go out in that direction and see what it meant. Calling to Captain Kilburn Knox of his staff to follow, he mounted "Blackie," his favorite horse, and galloped down the lane or narrow road, running in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, at an angle of forty-five degrees from the main line, toward the point where the firing was heard. General Dodge, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, had been ordered to the left with instructions to form at right angle with General Blair's line, but he had not had time to get into position, consequently the firing could not be on his skirmish line, which led to the conclusion that something unusual was going on. Hood's tactics being well known to McPherson, he was on the lookout for dashes, hence his anxiety. It was not more than fifteen minutes after McPherson and Knox, accompanied by their orderlies, had dashed down the lane until "Blackie," the general's horse, came galloping back with a wound in the shoulder, from which the blood was pouring in a perfect stream. The cry was instantly raised that "The general has been shot." Close following the horse came Captain Knox and the two orderlies. Knox dashed up and in an excited manner exclaimed, "He is dead. Get an ambulance, quick." General William E. Strong, now of Chicago, and Captain D. H. Buell, ordinance officer, started at once with the headquarters ambulance down the lane, followed by several of the mounted men. Buell rode ahead and skirmished with the Confederate pickets, keeping them back until General Strong got the body into the ambulance. They drove back with all speed to where General Logan and the other officers were. Dr. Hewitt hastily opened his coat and discovered that the bullet had passed directly through his heart, killing him instantly. The body was taken at once to General Sherman's headquarters, from where it was sent, in charge of General McPherson's personal staff, to Marietta, where it was embalmed and sent, with the same escort, to the home of his aged mother at Clyde, Ohio.

Generals McPherson and Logan, who had been to General Sherman's headquarters (before Atlanta), rode up to the rear of the Seventeenth Corps and dismounted in a clump of trees in front of an open stretch, which had probably been a field at one time. This was about 10 o'clock. Shortly after they had dismounted picket firing began on the left and apparently to the rear of the main line. After listening to it for a few minutes McPherson said he would go out in that direction and see what it meant. Calling to Captain Kilburn Knox of his staff to follow, he mounted "Blackie," his favorite horse, and galloped down the lane or narrow road, running in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, at an angle of forty-five degrees from the main line, toward the point where the firing was heard. General Dodge, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, had been ordered to the left with instructions to form at right angle with General Blair's line, but he had not had time to get into position, consequently the firing could not be on his skirmish line, which led to the conclusion that something unusual was going on. Hood's tactics being well known to McPherson, he was on the lookout for dashes, hence his anxiety. It was not more than fifteen minutes after McPherson and Knox, accompanied by their orderlies, had dashed down the lane until "Blackie," the general's horse, came galloping back with a wound in the shoulder, from which the blood was pouring in a perfect stream. The cry was instantly raised that "The general has been shot." Close following the horse came Captain Knox and the two orderlies. Knox dashed up and in an excited manner exclaimed, "He is dead. Get an ambulance, quick." General William E. Strong, now of Chicago, and Captain D. H. Buell, ordinance officer, started at once with the headquarters ambulance down the lane, followed by several of the mounted men. Buell rode ahead and skirmished with the Confederate pickets, keeping them back until General Strong got the body into the ambulance. They drove back with all speed to where General Logan and the other officers were. Dr. Hewitt hastily opened his coat and discovered that the bullet had passed directly through his heart, killing him instantly. The body was taken at once to General Sherman's headquarters, from where it was sent, in charge of General McPherson's personal staff, to Marietta, where it was embalmed and sent, with the same escort, to the home of his aged mother at Clyde, Ohio.

Generals McPherson and Logan, who had been to General Sherman's headquarters (before Atlanta), rode up to the rear of the Seventeenth Corps and dismounted in a clump of trees in front of an open stretch, which had probably been a field at one time. This was about 10 o'clock. Shortly after they had dismounted picket firing began on the left and apparently to the rear of the main line. After listening to it for a few minutes McPherson said he would go out in that direction and see what it meant. Calling to Captain Kilburn Knox of his staff to follow, he mounted "Blackie," his favorite horse, and galloped down the lane or narrow road, running in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, at an angle of forty-five degrees from the main line, toward the point where the firing was heard. General Dodge, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, had been ordered to the left with instructions to form at right angle with General Blair's line, but he had not had time to get into position, consequently the firing could not be on his skirmish line, which led to the conclusion that something unusual was going on. Hood's tactics being well known to McPherson, he was on the lookout for dashes, hence his anxiety. It was not more than fifteen minutes after McPherson and Knox, accompanied by their orderlies, had dashed down the lane until "Blackie," the general's horse, came galloping back with a wound in the shoulder, from which the blood was pouring in a perfect stream. The cry was instantly raised that "The general has been shot." Close following the horse came Captain Knox and the two orderlies. Knox dashed up and in an excited manner exclaimed, "He is dead. Get an ambulance, quick." General William E. Strong, now of Chicago, and Captain D. H. Buell, ordinance officer, started at once with the headquarters ambulance down the lane, followed by several of the mounted men. Buell rode ahead and skirmished with the Confederate pickets, keeping them back until General Strong got the body into